

THE LUTE.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF MUSICAL NEWS.

EDITED BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

No. I.—VOL. IV.]
Registered for Transmission Abroad.

JANUARY I, 1886.

[PRICE 2d.; POST FREE 3d.
Annual Subscription, Post Free, 3/-.

MUSIC IN FOG-LAND.*

NEXT in value to the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us ranks the opportunity of knowing what others think of us. Who they are, is a question of secondary importance. No observer can be such a fool as that all his conclusions are utterly worthless, and it is astonishing of what unpromising people one may learn. Wherefore great unwisdom appears when the public turn aside from a book written by an unknown author, and say in effect: "We have not the honour of his acquaintance, and don't suppose that anything he says can either interest or inform." Intelligent reader, we, neither of us, know Monsieur Félix Remo, and are, therefore, ignorant of his qualifications for describing the state of music in England. Nevertheless, we will open his book together and see what it contains.

Peeping into it here and there we gather that the author is a foreigner, and a musical artist, that he has performed in public so as to be criticised unfavourably, and that he has lived long enough in England to store his mind with a mass of facts, and many fictions, regarding musical people and things. It further appears that he has a strong taste for personal gossip, and no scruples in retailing scandalous matter. He overlooks few people of any importance in the musical world, and about many he says that for which they are not likely to thank him. I can point this out and remark upon it with the greater impartiality, because M. Remo has given me, personally, no cause to complain. I should be glad to know that I fully deserve his exceedingly good opinion, but still more rejoiced if, in writing his book, he had pandered less to the miserable passion for personalities that now disfigures so large a section of the reading public. However, what he has written, he has written, and we must make the best we can of it.

M. Remo opens with a chapter on "Royal Music," in which he discusses her Majesty's artistic proclivities. I am not sure that it is worth while to dwell upon this. The Queen has long severed all connection with public music, and she is as much entitled as anyone else to indulge her tastes in private without challenge. Besides, M. Remo is rude to a lady. He calls her Majesty, "her Royal and Gracious Uselessness" ("Sa Gracieuse Inutilité Royale").

Under the heading "Sunday and Music," our

* La Musique au Pays des Brouillards. Etude humoristique et anecdotique de l'état actuel de la Musique en Angleterre; par Félix Remo. Paris. Chez tous les Libraires, 1885.

author has a fling at the "Puritan fanaticism that for three centuries has kept the Albion of Henry VIII. within the narrow limits of the Bible"—a clever and comprehensive sneer. But he is pleased to allow that London makes progress towards liberty and light, and also, as I gather from another chapter, more pretensions than progress. M. Remo says that two maladies affect London society—one, a desire for change of air; the other, melomania. Regarding this last he observes:—

"A party without music is unknown. You are happy if you escape it when paying morning calls, for many young ladies never go out without their roll of songs. They are not likely to miss a chance of singing. Take my advice; if you see a roll of music in the hall, say to the servant that you have mistaken the number, and run away as fast as you can."

The "misses" and other amateurs who inflict themselves on society are, according to M. Remo, a poor lot, and he is very severe with them:—"If their singing, such as it is, amuse themselves, let them sing for each other, in the cupboard or the cellar; but do not let them overwhelm their friends by an exhibition of incapacity." Encouraged by conventional approval, our amateurs actually came before the public, and at the sight of them there, M. Remo, in his capacity as a competitor, waxes exceedingly wroth—exclaiming:—

"They organise charity performances, and even appear at regular public concerts. But the public are to blame for not then stopping them, and pitilessly making them understand that they are going too far. A good opportunity for hissing them is lost. . . . People complain of street organs and singers, but allow the worst of amateurs to air their presumption and inability on the platform. Why have they not the courage to hiss off a bad article when they pay for a good one?"

Our author's opinion of amateur instrumentalists is more favourable.

Speaking of the host of benefit concerts given during the London season, he uses words which are not without reason and justice:—

"It is you, ladies, with your insatiable want of music, that draw this avalanche upon your own heads. You complain of being bombarded with concert tickets, but you forget that artists who have played and sung all the year 'for love,' have only this means of getting from you the cost of gloves and cabs. In multiplying your musical parties, you have multiplied concerts. Why should artists eternally sacrifice to you their time and talents.



Does the doctor or the lawyer put on evening dress to go into town and give consultations gratis? The artist lives by his art as the baker by his bread; try, I beg you, to understand that."

M. Remo gives some lively sketches of the musical *salon* in London, particularly of one which we cannot assist the reader to recognise:—

"In a brilliantly-lighted apartment, an organ, piano, and music-stands make an imposing display. Madame — plays the piano or the organ, and pays (modestly) the artists who accompany her. The guests, in a room at the side, are in shadow; nobody concerns himself about them; music goes always pitilessly on. They come and depart without notice. It was one day proposed to replace this auditory by a number of mannikins, they could not applaud it is true; neither could they snore. But the maker demanded so much that a human company was considered cheaper. One can distribute thousands of cups of tea for the price of a mechanical auditor."

Musical education in schools and families no less excites M. Remo's scorn and contempt. Here, unquestionably, he puts his finger upon a very weak point in our system. There is no method, and everything is done for show:—

"As soon as the child (at school) has studied for three months, be it singing, be it the piano,—quick, a concert that all the unhappy parents may listen in a body. It stimulates self-respect and emulation, you will say. That is a mistake. The professor cannot make the child play exercises at a concert. She would account herself dishonoured. A piece must be studied, therefore,—always a piece, in view of the grand ceremony, and thus nothing is learned, and the studies do not progress."

M. Remo is of opinion that we English amateurs and professors have a good opinion of ourselves and our doings. Well, the weakness is not confined to this "tight little island." When Gounod's *Redemption* was first produced in Paris, a gentleman prominently concerned said to an Englishman: "Ah! now you will hear M. Gounod's music as it should be heard," and I doubt whether his complacency was lessened by a performance which, in England, would have raised a storm of disapprobation. It seems to me that all nations think well of themselves, except, perhaps, Germany, where modesty, as we know, is cultivated with rare success. This, of course, does not disprove M. Remo's assertion that we "bounce" far in excess of any reason we may have for bouncing at all. But is our author quite right in what he says? M. Remo gives, by way of proof, an article from a journal unnamed, which is represented as declaring Brahms inferior to G. A. Macfarren, Massenet, Gade, and Grieg, a long way behind F. H. Cowen, and so on. But the voice of an unnamed journal is a small thing to put against a thousand evidences that, till very lately, we were a nation of self-depreciators, as regards music, and that even now the mass of us are not sure that we are worth much. M. Remo, curiously enough, testifies against himself on the point when he con-

demns us for believing that the word German means musician, that a teacher of singing must needs call himself Signor, and so on.

Amateur composers supply material for an amusing chapter—amusing in places where the writer does not so intend. M. Remo presents us with many names quite unknown to us in a representative capacity. Those of ladies I pass over, but should like to be informed who are Mr. de Windt, Mr. Elliott Kent, Major John Gollop, and Mr. Batson; also why special mention should be made in this connection of the "rév. Haweis," and who the "inimitable M. Nokes" may be.

Our academies for professional education in music do not please this censor at all. Some of them he dismisses as shameful enterprises, and attacks the "serious" ones as even more dangerous, because their authority backs up a false system. They take anybody that comes with ability to pay the fees, they turn loose upon the public a lot of pretenders armed with medals and certificates cheaply won, the holidays are too long, the professors owe their places to intrigue more often than to merit, and are paid per head instead of per annum, &c., &c. In fact, our great music-schools are in a bad way altogether. Our author is particularly funny when discussing the Guildhall School, and somewhat scandalous as well, but in that quality I notice only to condemn, not to quote. He spares the aldermen not a bit, representing them as looking over a "majestic belly," to say: "We have the greatest school in the world. Three thousand pupils!" and then introducing to their "honourable nose" a satisfied pinch of snuff. Moreover, our critic avers that the aldermen are nearly all Jews, who, anxious for religious solidarity, appoint as many Israelitish professors as they can. Such a mistake as this abates the terror of M. Remo's further declaration that a day of reckoning awaits the Aldermen's School. The City authorities, I fancy, are not much alarmed, nor is Mr. Weist Hill's sleep disturbed.

Touching upon our composers, M. Remo deplors the tendency of many of them towards the new school: "I believe that music vitalises itself by melody; arithmetical (*sic*) music is to my mind but a juggle requiring more talent than inspiration; and will have its day like all the fashions which violate the laws of the Beautiful and True." Passing our chief creative musicians in review, M. Remo has a word to say about each. Balfe is a glory which England has borrowed from Ireland; Bennett was a mere imitator of Mendelssohn; George Macfarren is a learned and good man; F. Cowen's works have a real interest; Arthur Sullivan is a fine fellow and an amiable companion, who could do better if he would; Thomas Wingham thinks that Beethoven may be followed without shame; Goring Thomas is sure of a brilliant career; Mackenzie is marching forward with giant strides, and Herbert (*sic*) Parry writes dry music of little interest. As for Barnett, Corder, Cellier, Hotton (*sic*) and Prout, M. Remo must really be excused if he cannot do more than mention their names.

Our author has much to say about what he calls the "German Invasion" of England—seemingly one of his pet grievances. He would probably prefer a French invasion. But I must hasten to the final chapter which discusses the tendency of music in England. After quoting the opinion of "le rév. Haweis," that our music has always been an exotic, he agrees so far as to say that Germany is our musical nurse, and that we follow German tendencies not for fashion's sake, nor for whim, nor on account of education; but "because the English nature is not passionate." We are "cold and calculating," and our literature is made up of descriptions, facts, and details, more than psychology; hence we are naturally drawn to "music of combinations," which suits our taste better than that of impulses we cannot feel. M. Remo compares us to a liquid unable to effervesce. We are a bottle of champagne opened ages ago, and now very "still." So we take kindly to the cold, calculated music of Germany, and leave passionate melodies to the Latins.

Here I must quit M. Remo, and also leave those who are curious about his gossip and scandal to find both in the book itself. The volume is disfigured by a number of errors in matters of fact, and many mistakes in matters of taste, but it may, nevertheless, be read with profit.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

IN *Judas Maccabæus*, on the 9th ult., the Albert Hall Choir had its first real chance for distinction this season, and right well was the opportunity made use of. Mr. Barnby and his "gallant eight hundred" fairly revelled in the gigantic choruses of Handel's martial oratorio, attacking them with a vigour and effect that could not have been surpassed. Nothing more impressive in its way can be heard than a performance of this work in the Albert Hall. It affords the nearest approach we know to the vast body of sound that uplifts itself with such overwhelming grandeur on an *Israel* day at the Handel Festival. The superb choruses, "Hear us, O Lord," "Fall'n is the foe," and "We never will bow down," not to speak of the immortal "See the conquering hero," form a group worthy of the illustrious Saxon in his most Titanic mood.

It must be admitted that much additional effect is gained at the Albert Hall by the aid of the military band which now invariably takes part in *Judas Maccabæus*, and this is felt not only in the choral portions but in such a solo number as "Sound an alarm," to which the strident brass lends a fitting degree of martial "pomp and circumstance." The fine air had in this instance a magnificent exponent in Mr. Joseph Maas, whose powerful declamation drew forth a perfect hurricane of applause. The other vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Arthur Thompson, and Signor Foli. With the chorus, however, rested the laurels of the performance, and these were ungrudgingly bestowed by a large, if not crowded

audience. Mr. Barnby conducted in masterly style, and Dr. Stainer presided with his accustomed skill at the organ.

A VERY creditable display was made by pupils of the Guildhall School of Music at an orchestral concert, which took place at the Mansion House, on the 5th ult. We would suggest, however, that there is no necessity for Mr. Weist Hill to submit his youthful forces to an absolutely crucial test on each occasion they are called upon to exhibit their powers at one of these concerts. A scheme, which includes the "*Leonora*" (No. 3) and *Tannhäuser* overtures and the first movement of Schubert's unfinished Symphony is not only eclectic, but exacting enough to put a Philharmonic or a Richter orchestra on its mettle. So, too, with the vocalists. One young lady undertook Mendelssohn's "*Infelice*," and another was down for Weber's "*Softly Sighs*," while a tenor singer made choice of Beethoven's "*Adelaida*."

It is not the eclecticism we find fault with—quite the contrary; only the same spirit could be made equally perceptible in a selection far less difficult to execute, and demanding infinitely less indulgence on the part of those who listen. As it was, Mr. Weist Hill steered his students through their trying afternoon's work with better success than might have been anticipated, and we offer him due congratulation on the result. By the way, the Certificates of Proficiency handed to Miss Hailstone and Mr. W. J. Barton in course of the concert, were the first that the Guildhall School of Music has been able to award, it being necessary that winners of these certificates shall have been three years in the institution.

MR. WILHELM GANZ undertook the direction of the third and fourth Brinsmead Symphony Concerts, given on the 5th and 19th ult. The programme of the third concert was too long, but in point of material it left no room for reproach, while its attractiveness was testified by the presence of a large and enthusiastic assemblage. Raffs' "*Lenore*" symphony, the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Guillaume Tell*, two movements from Cowen's cantata, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and a pianoforte concerto and septet for piano, trumpet, and strings by Saint-Saëns constituted the instrumental selection of the evening, and enabled Mr. Ganz to exhibit the qualities of his splendid orchestra in their best light. The solo parts in the concerto were brilliantly played by the composer, who also took part in his melodious and cleverly-scored septet and won in each instance rapturous applause. The vocalist was Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose fine rendering of "*O 'tis a glorious sight*" (*Oberon*) and "*Wake from thy grave*" (*Night Dancers*) elicited well-deserved ovations. At the fourth concert Berlioz's symphony, "*Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*," and the prize pianoforte concerto by Oliver King were performed, Madame Frickenhaus being the pianist and Miss Gertrude Griswold the singer.

THE NEW "FAUST."

IN one of the numerous catalogues of *Faust* literature, a list is doubtless given of the various plays, operas and other dramatic works founded on the Faust legend. Long before Goethe's time the subject was a favourite one with playwrights of all kinds. It was first introduced into dramatic literature by our own Marlowe. But throughout the dark ages, and, according to some authorities, from the earliest days of Goethe, Faust or Faustus, as the illustrious sceptic and necromancer was originally called, used to be presented as leading figure in popular spectacles.

A German writer, named Scheible, has published a collection of dramas relating to the supernatural, and especially to the dealings of certain legendary personages with the unseen world; and here, besides a whole series of Faust stories, from the days of the Reformation until Goethe's time, are to be found sketches of several popular plays, some musical, others purely dramatic, on the eternal Faust subject. Thanks to the wild performances of Faustus, in his character of magician, the story lent itself readily to farcical and even (in the modern English acceptance of the word) pantomimic treatment. Marlowe dealt with all that was beautiful and tragical in the ancient legend. But he also did not neglect the broad comic elements in which it abounds; and in the oldest forms that have been preserved of the Faust drama, as performed before crowds of people at public festivities and fairs, the man who tampers with the fiend, who longs for the love of Helen of Troy, and who, when his passion for knowledge and his thirst for pleasure have both been gratified is carried off by the familiar spirit who for 12 brief years has executed all his behests, is made to pass the greater part of his time playing the most astounding practical jokes.

Faust, too, like his spiritual kinsman, Don Juan, and like that caricature of both these rash heroes the impudent Punch, was for a long time a favourite personage in puppet-show performances. It is indeed one of these performances which, witnessed by Goethe at Strasburg when he was pursuing his studies there, is said to have inspired him with the first idea of his great dramatic poem. Englishmen may well feel disposed to claim this honour for the Dr. Faustus of Marlowe, but there the best reasons for believing that Goethe, well acquainted as he was with English literature, including many of the dramas of Shakspeare's contemporaries, had somehow missed one of the greatest works of that great period. Apart from the fact that there is no passage in the *Faust* of Goethe which recalls any similar passage in the Dr. Faustus of Marlowe, Goethe, when he heard that Byron, annoyed at being charged with having derived Manfred from *Faust*, had in his turn accused Goethe of borrowing from Marlowe's play, said that as a matter of fact he had not read it. Byron was apparently not aware that Marlowe had dramatised in a very direct manner the story of Faust as recently published in Germany by Spiess

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It is in this work that the mysterious name of Mephistopheles is first mentioned; a name which has gained a very definite meaning, but which in itself (so far as philologists with their fantastic derivations have hitherto been able to enlighten us) possesses none. The authors of the Faust story published at the time of the Reformation, and written with evident intent to damage the Church of Rome (thus Mephistopheles, wearing the garb of a monk, makes Faust promise, to ensure the destruction of his soul, that he shall never read the Scriptures and never marry) had, of course, not invented their story. They simply put in form an old tradition which, if Faust, as has lately been maintained, was the father of St. Clement, and Mephistopheles Simon Magus, belongs of course to the first century. Unless the reputed works of St. Clement are forgeries—and their latest editor, the Abbé Maistre, gives apparently valid proofs of their authenticity—the sceptical Faustus whom he acknowledges as his father-in-law was a constant associate of Simon Magus, and would have been brought by that professor of the black art to hopeless grief had not St. Peter fortunately intervened and saved him—much as Faust, in the second part of Goethe's dramatic poem, is saved by his sudden conversion to the Christian religion. So far as regards literature and art we must in any case accept the Faust book of the Reformation period as the source of all succeeding works on the same theme. Marlowe's drama, the first play on the subject in literary form, as distinguished from the old popular plays which were probably never written down, appeared only a few years later; and from that time until the time of Goethe, 200 years afterwards, Faust, Mephistopheles and Helen were abandoned to the theatrical managers of the fairs and to the compilers of popular story-books.

It is not, then, to Marlowe, and only remotely to those learned theologians and highly dramatic though, at the same time, strangely fantastic chroniclers, Spiess and Widman, that the popularity of Faust as an art subject is due in the present day. For Goethe alone can that honour be claimed. It was he who gave new life and new character, or, at least, fresh characteristics both to Faust and to Mephistopheles, and who (while relegating the fair Helen to the shadowy regions of his Second Part) created Margaret out of nothing but the very slightest indication of such a personage in one of the later editions of the popular story book, modified and developed as it was in each new version as if to suit the tastes of new readers. In the present day it is as impossible to think of Faust without Margaret as it would be to disconnect him from Mephistopheles; and for most persons the Faust story is the story of Faust and Margaret to the exclusion of everything else. Why Faust sought

the aid of Mephistopheles and what became of Faust after that aid had, as per contract, been given are matters of comparatively little importance. The interesting, engaging, absorbing part of the drama is the pursuit of Margaret by Faust, helped with irresistible force by Mephistopheles, until, through the exercise of infernal arts including the presentation of terrestrial jewels, the fall of the predestined maiden has been accomplished. All that afterwards follows—the scene in the cathedral, Faust's duel with Valentine and the slaying of the latter through the treacherous intervention of Mephistopheles, together with the prison scene—are as much the invention of Goethe as the beautiful and touching figure of the unhappy Gretchen; and if the scenes just indicated, together with the personages of Martha and of Valentine were removed nothing that would appeal very strongly to modern audiences would remain.

That Goethe was, indeed, a great creator is proved, not by his having created a new Faust drama alone, but by the stimulating force which this new Faust drama has exercised upon the creative powers of Goethe's contemporaries and successors in art, literature and music. Eugène Delacroix, at the very beginning of his career, made a number of Faust designs which filled Goethe with admiration; and Delacroix was but the precursor of other artists who, like Retsh and Ary Sheffer, were to treat the same subject. The work, regarded by Goethe himself, not as a stage play, but as a dramatic poem, was turned into an acting drama by some unknown or at least forgotten hand while Goethe was still living; but it was not until some 20 years after his death that (disfigured it is true, in many respects) it was turned into an effective acting drama by two ingenious French dramatists, M.M. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. This version, reduced to operatic form with the introduction of appropriate lyrical pieces, was made by Gounod into a musical drama which must be numbered among the greatest successes of the modern stage.

Meanwhile, the work had been musically treated (in very different styles) by Berlioz and by Schumann; and we have during these latter days been made acquainted with a very comprehensive version of Goethe's *Faust* by Boito, in which the First and Second Parts are both treated. Music is, perhaps, the most appropriate medium through which to present the mysterious continuation and conclusion of what is popularly though incorrectly known as Goethe's *Faust*. It is the First Part, however, of Goethe's dramatic poem that alone appeals to the general public; and it is well, both for the pleasure of the public and for the pocket of the manager that in the version of *Faust* just produced at the Lyceum Theatre Mr. Wills has been content to give to his work the termination which, though it did not satisfy Goethe's own conception of the subject as a whole, was thought appropriate by such good judges of dramatic effect as Berlioz, Gounod, and two of the most eminent of modern French playwrights.

H. SUTHERLAND-EDWARDS.

MR. CARL ROSA has at last been interviewed. The daring representative of a Newcastle paper has rushed in where angels, metaphorically speaking, have feared to tread. The first words his victim said to him could not have been encouraging. They were, "I have always declined being interviewed by any newspaper correspondent, though several of the London papers have desired it. I am not showman enough to use an interview for advertising purposes, and if I said everything I thought I should probably give unnecessary and unintentional offence."

STILL he of Newcastle persevered. One reassuring statement he elicited was that Mr. Rosa has no intention of visiting America, despite the numerous invitations he has received, being quite comfortable where he is. Another thing we are glad to hear is that the present year has been the best the energetic manager has ever had—a remarkable fact and one not easily explained, considering the opposing forces of bad trade and a general election.

"Do you think we ought to have an Operatic School subventioned by the Government?" asked the Newcastle reporter. Cautious and uninforming was the answer, accompanied by "a smile and a mischievous twinkle in the eyes." "As I do not want to be sent to the Tower for high treason, I decline to answer the question!" Of what or of whom was Mr. Rosa thinking?

THE official programme for the 1886 season is this:—Opening at Liverpool in January, Mr. Rosa will produce Maillart's *Fadette*, known upon the Continent as *Les Dragons de Villars*. The English version is by Mr. Grist. Madame Marie-Rôze will enact the heroine, supported by Madame Julia Gaylord and Mr. Barton McGuckin. Another novelty will be Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, the libretto of which is based upon Hugo's drama. The principal characters will be taken by Madame Marie-Rôze and Mr. Leslie Crotty. Moreover, the new opera by Messrs. MacKenzie and Hueffer is practically completed.

We regret to note the death of Miss Elizabeth Philp, a regret which is shared by an extraordinarily large circle of friends. Miss Philp was born at Falmouth in 1827, and coming to London at the age of twenty-one, was first introduced into society by Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great American actress. Having once obtained a footing, Miss Philp fast made friends and acquaintances until she became one of the most widely-known women in London. She was the authoress of innumerable songs, too many to be of any high degree of excellence, but all characterised by cleverness and a certain natural talent for melody and effect.

M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN, the "musical editor" of *Le Français*, in a recent *feuilleton* devoted to the

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It is in this work that the mysterious name of Mephistopheles is first mentioned; a name which has gained a very definite meaning, but which in itself (so far as philologists with their fantastic derivations have hitherto been able to enlighten us) possesses none. The authors of the Faust story published at the time of the Reformation, and written with evident intent to damage the Church of Rome (thus Mephistopheles, wearing the garb of a monk, makes Faust promise, to ensure the destruction of his soul, that he shall never read the Scriptures and never marry) had, of course, not invented their story. They simply put in form an old tradition which, if Faust, as has lately been maintained, was the father of St. Clement, and Mephistopheles Simon Magus, belongs of course to the first century. Unless the reputed works of St. Clement are forgeries—and their latest editor, the Abbé Maistre, gives apparently valid proofs of their authenticity—the sceptical Faustus whom he acknowledges as his father-in-law was a constant associate of Simon Magus, and would have been brought by that professor of the black art to hopeless grief had not St. Peter fortunately intervened and saved him—much as Faust, in the second part of Goethe's dramatic poem, is saved by his sudden conversion to the Christian religion. So far as regards literature and art we must in any case accept the Faust book of the Reformation period as the source of all succeeding works on the same theme. Marlowe's drama, the first play on the subject in literary form, as distinguished from the old popular plays which were probably never written down, appeared only a few years later; and from that time until the time of Goethe, 200 years afterwards, Faust, Mephistopheles and Helen were abandoned to the theatrical managers of the fairs and to the compilers of popular story-books.

It is not, then, to Marlowe, and only remotely to those learned theologians and highly dramatic though, at the same time, strangely fantastic chroniclers, Spiess and Widman, that the popularity of Faust as an art subject is due in the present day. For Goethe alone can that honour be claimed. It was he who gave new life and new character, or, at least, fresh characteristics both to Faust and to Mephistopheles, and who (while relegating the fair Helen to the shadowy regions of his Second Part) created Margaret out of nothing but the very slightest indication of such a personage in one of the later editions of the popular story book, modified and developed as it was in each new version as if to suit the tastes of new readers. In the present day it is as impossible to think of Faust without Margaret as it would be to disconnect him from Mephistopheles; and for most persons the Faust story is the story of Faust and Margaret to the exclusion of everything else. Why Faust sought

the aid of Mephistopheles and what became of Faust after that aid had, as per contract, been given are matters of comparatively little importance. The interesting, engaging, absorbing part of the drama is the pursuit of Margaret by Faust, helped with irresistible force by Mephistopheles, until, through the exercise of infernal arts including the presentation of terrestrial jewels, the fall of the predestined maiden has been accomplished. All that afterwards follows—the scene in the cathedral, Faust's duel with Valentine and the slaying of the latter through the treacherous intervention of Mephistopheles, together with the prison scene—are as much the invention of Goethe as the beautiful and touching figure of the unhappy Gretchen; and if the scenes just indicated, together with the personages of Martha and of Valentine were removed nothing that would appeal very strongly to modern audiences would remain.

That Goethe was, indeed, a great creator is proved, not by his having created a new Faust drama alone, but by the stimulating force which this new Faust drama has exercised upon the creative powers of Goethe's contemporaries and successors in art, literature and music. Eugène Delacroix, at the very beginning of his career, made a number of Faust designs which filled Goethe with admiration; and Delacroix was but the precursor of other artists who, like Retsh and Ary Sheffer, were to treat the same subject. The work, regarded by Goethe himself, not as a stage play, but as a dramatic poem, was turned into an acting drama by some unknown or at least forgotten hand while Goethe was still living; but it was not until some 20 years after his death that (disfigured it is true, in many respects) it was turned into an effective acting drama by two ingenious French dramatists, M.M. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. This version, reduced to operatic form with the introduction of appropriate lyrical pieces, was made by Gounod into a musical drama which must be numbered among the greatest successes of the modern stage.

Meanwhile, the work had been musically treated (in very different styles) by Berlioz and by Schumann; and we have during these latter days been made acquainted with a very comprehensive version of Goethe's *Faust* by Boito, in which the First and Second Parts are both treated. Music is, perhaps, the most appropriate medium through which to present the mysterious continuation and conclusion of what is popularly though incorrectly known as Goethe's *Faust*. It is the First Part, however, of Goethe's dramatic poem that alone appeals to the general public; and it is well, both for the pleasure of the public and for the pocket of the manager that in the version of *Faust* just produced at the Lyceum Theatre Mr. Wills has been content to give to his work the termination which, though it did not satisfy Goethe's own conception of the subject as a whole, was thought appropriate by such good judges of dramatic effect as Berlioz, Gounod, and two of the most eminent of modern French playwrights.

H. SUTHERLAND-EDWARDS.

MR. CARL ROSA has at last been interviewed. The daring representative of a Newcastle paper has rushed in where angels, metaphorically speaking, have feared to tread. The first words his victim said to him could not have been encouraging. They were, "I have always declined being interviewed by any newspaper correspondent, though several of the London papers have desired it. I am not showman enough to use an interview for advertising purposes, and if I said everything I thought I should probably give unnecessary and unintentional offence."

STILL he of Newcastle persevered. One reassuring statement he elicited was that Mr. Rosa has no intention of visiting America, despite the numerous invitations he has received, being quite comfortable where he is. Another thing we are glad to hear is that the present year has been the best the energetic manager has ever had—a remarkable fact and one not easily explained, considering the opposing forces of bad trade and a general election.

"Do you think we ought to have an Operatic School subventioned by the Government?" asked the Newcastle reporter. Cautious and uninforming was the answer, accompanied by "a smile and a mischievous twinkle in the eyes." "As I do not want to be sent to the Tower for high treason, I decline to answer the question!" Of what or of whom was Mr. Rosa thinking?

THE official programme for the 1886 season is this:—Opening at Liverpool in January, Mr. Rosa will produce Maillart's *Fadette*, known upon the Continent as *Les Dragons de Villars*. The English version is by Mr. Grist. Madame Marie-Rôze will enact the heroine, supported by Madame Julia Gaylord and Mr. Barton McGuckin. Another novelty will be Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, the libretto of which is based upon Hugo's drama. The principal characters will be taken by Madame Marie-Rôze and Mr. Leslie Crotty. Moreover, the new opera by Messrs. MacKenzie and Hueffer is practically completed.

We regret to note the death of Miss Elizabeth Philp, a regret which is shared by an extraordinarily large circle of friends. Miss Philp was born at Falmouth in 1827, and coming to London at the age of twenty-one, was first introduced into society by Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great American actress. Having once obtained a footing, Miss Philp fast made friends and acquaintances until she became one of the most widely-known women in London. She was the authoress of innumerable songs, too many to be of any high degree of excellence, but all characterised by cleverness and a certain natural talent for melody and effect.

M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN, the "musical editor" of *Le Français*, in a recent *feuilleton* devoted to the

sayings and doings of the late Richard Wagner, expatiates at considerable length upon the many proofs of deep and abiding affection furnished to that composer by the present King of Bavaria, and recounts the following incident, *inter alia*, as an example of the thoughtful ingenuity displayed by Ludwig II. in contriving pleasant surprises for his favourite composer and friend.

* * *

In the year 1869, Wagner was staying at Lucerne, busy with the composition of his famous Tetralogy. His Bavarian Majesty, desiring to give the Saxon Master a birthday treat such as would delight his soul, specially engaged the famous French stringed quartet (Messrs. Maurin, Colblain, Mas and Chevillard) which at that time enjoyed the reputation of interpreting Beethoven's three last quatuors with supreme intelligence and felicity. Early in the morning of the 22nd May, Wagner's natal day, these executants were introduced into the composer's house, by the connivance of a member of his family, about an hour before he had risen from his bed. They softly tuned their instruments and took up a position in his breakfast-room, awaiting his appearance to strike up. What was his astonishment and pleasure when he came down to breakfast as usual in his duffel dressing-gown, to be received by the strains of a composition for which he entertained profound admiration and reverence—one of the Posthumous Quartets—performed by artists of such surpassing ability! For a few seconds he stood, as though turned to stone, mouth and eyes alike wide open; then, suddenly recognising Maurin, whom he had known and frequently heard in Paris, he rushed up to him with open arms and embraced him, fiddle and all.

* * *

THE French musicians spent the whole day with Wagner, during which they played at least a dozen quartets for his delectation. He, on his part, feasted them right royally, and during dinner proposed two toasts in eloquent language—one to "his Royal benefactor," and the other to "the greatest of French musicians, Camille Saint-Saëns." To the end of his days Richard Wagner retained a lively and grateful remembrance of this particular "birthday surprise." Indeed, only a few weeks before his death he told one of his intimate friends that he had never heard Beethoven's last quartets so satisfactorily played as by the Frenchmen whom the King of Bavaria had sent all the way from Paris to Lucerne to regale him with "the finest music ever composed" on the morning of his birthday anniversary, in the year of grace 1869.

AN EISTEDDFOD RECOLLECTION.

ENTHUSIASM is not always logical; and in saying that an Eisteddfod is the most enthusiastic of assemblies, I leave to you the inference that shall never be drawn by me. But even were I unfortunately to run foul of the most susceptible of Welshmen, in the remarks I am about to make concerning

one of these Bardicre-unions, I might perhaps pacify his native ire by telling him it was not in Wales. The particular Eisteddfod of which I am about to speak was held on this side the River Dee, and by consequence on English ground. Yes! The Cambrian was invading the Saxon's country; or, rather, he was the Saxon's guest: and the Saxon, roused from his constitutional apathy by the melodious shoutings of the canorous Celt, ceased to be logical, and caught the infectious enthusiasm of Shenkin's noble race.

It was in Chester—in Deva Castra, as our friend the "antic Rum-un" would have us say, in deference to archæological prejudices—and on the plain which some call the Roodee and others the Race-course, that the tent was pitched and the mead-feast metaphorically spread. Laudation puffed the swelling canvas, and resounded far beyond the confines of the closely-packed pavilion. Mutual admiration and lavish interchange of praise filled the air within, and floated on the outer breeze. Each speaker strove to outvie in eulogy the one who had gone before, as if strengthened in the growing belief that everybody who liked treacle liked it best with sugar. The judge complimented all the bands, and all the bands complimented the judge. The winning choir was cheered, and the losing singer was as loudly applauded as if he had won the day, and was staggering beneath his load of laurels. The orator-in-chief extolled his auditors to the skies; and the auditors, not to be outdone, sent back shouts of acclamation. Astounding to relate, the Welshman, as a Welshman, lavished praise on the Englishman, as an Englishman; who, to be sure, had declared himself lost in admiration at the achievements of Taffy. The millenium was coming, coming, come. Lo! the lion gambolled with the goat, and urbanely avowed his preference of toasted cheese to uncooked shin-bone.

Day by day, throughout this Anglo-Cambrian Eisteddfod, in 'sixty something—it may have been 'sixty-six, and anyhow I have a notion that the name of the year was alliterative—the grassy plain outside the walls of the ancient city echoed the clapping of hands and the vociferation of applause. I cannot say that the programme, from a national point of view, was particularly interesting or significant; but perhaps the intention was, by a gradual insinuation of solecism, to prepare the way for a closing performance wholly in contravention of Eisteddfodic routine. Handel's masterpiece, *The Messiah*, was, on that last day, given with a full band, chorus, and principals, under the direction, too, of a Saxon, Mr. Henry Leslie. This was, indeed, a test, as some of us whispered confidentially, of Celtic toleration. However, if the pavilion on the Roodee had been St. James's or Exeter Hall, the oratorio could not have been better rendered or more patiently heard.

When all was over, a large company, at the invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress, repaired to their pleasant villa on the opposite bank of the Dee, where luncheon was served in a style somewhat unfrequent in the Principality. We were now, be it

observed, on Welsh ground, having crossed over into Denbighshire; a fact, I am afraid to think, that some of our party may have forgotten. The Bards, hungry and thirsty, like the rest, did not neglect the opportunity. All attended who were—and some who were not—invited. Let me recal a few of the guests by name. There was John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia); and there was John Owen (Owain Alaw); and there was—was there *not* i'faith?—in the prime of her heart-reaching voice, Edith Wynne (Eos Cwymri); and there was John Lewis (whose Cymric designation I will not trust my pen to transcribe, but I know it meant Roaring Lion); and there was Lewis Thomas (Pencerdd Gwyffin, and a Lion also, but one whose roar sounded dovelike); and there was Henry Fothergill Chorley, then of late made a Bard, for having written the libretto of "The Bride of Neath Valley;" and there was William H. Cummings, a Gentile, admitted into the service of the Eisteddfod Sanctuary; and there was Basil Chatterton, a player on the renegade pedal-harp, and whether a Welshman or not I am at this moment unable to say; and there was Egomet, with other mighty men.

The feast was bountiful, the champagne good, and just sufficiently iced to make it very easy drinking. Eyes were brightened, hearts expanded, tongues loosed. A week's practice in compliment had not been lost on the harmonious assembly. At every period of the animated talk, burst forth the chorus of honeyed praise. Then came the time of set speeches; and, being a loyal company—the Mayor, I may observe, was a staunch Conservative—we honoured the Crown and Constitution, the Bishops and Clergy, the Army, Navy and Volunteers, the Houses of Parliament, and all our glorious institutions, represented or unrepresented at the social board. The Mayor was toasted as he deserved to be. So was the charming and hospitable Mayoress. So, of course, were the principal vocalists. I have luckily preserved my notes of the eloquent response with which this customary toast was acknowledged by Mr. Lewis Thomas, otherwise Pencerdd Gwyffin, so that my vivid recollection of hearing the esteemed and usually truthful Pencerdd state that George Frederick Handel, composer of the Oratorio they had heard with so much delight that day, was a Welshman and furthermore that the words of that Oratorio were also written by Welshmen (thereby claiming Isaiah, St. Paul, and other scriptural writers as his compatriots), is confirmed by the *verbatim* report which I here rescue from dust and oblivion.

THE SPEECH.

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In obedience to your call I respond, hampered as I am with a diffident and reluctant spirit, to the toast—"The health of the vocalists." On their behalf I express their sense of the honour you conferred upon them by engaging them to assist in the performance of the *Messiah*, the crowning act of this great festival. It is no new thing for Welsh singers to be employed

on that immortal work, for did not they enjoy that privilege even before the oratorio had been heard in public? Is it not a matter of history that Handel gave a private hearing of the work in Chester, when on his way to Dublin, where it was first given publicly to the world? It is then a cause for congratulation that the Chester singers at the initial trial of the mighty strains were Welshmen (dissent from Mr. W. H. Cummings). If Mr. Cummings will but examine the Cathedral roll he will find that at that exact period, when Handel called upon the vocal resources of that establishment, all the lay clerks and choristers were Celts. On the Chapter House records of this day are to be seen the names of Jones, Thomas, Williams, Evans, with other patronymics which have been emblazoned upon many another roll of fame. It is then I repeat a source of pride that at the first and at the last performances, the one given this morning, Welsh vocalists are to the fore. Probably it may surprise some present to be told that a few ardent spirits are bent upon tracing the genealogy of Handel to a Celtic origin, in order that the immortal bard himself might be numbered amongst the mighty Welsh Pencerdds. (Laughter.) For my own part, in defiance of the jeers of our Saxon friends here, I firmly believe they will succeed in establishing a claim to kinship, although the relation may be weakened by intervening ages. Has not Pencerdd Gwalia irrefragably proved that Handel knew Welsh musical literature, and was indebted to that knowledge for some of his most exquisite melodies? (Cries of "Name, name.") I will mention one, the theme in the chorus "Happy, happy," from *Acis and Galatea*, which is nothing less than "Godiad yr Haul," sung for ages in our beloved fatherland. Moreover, we claim kinship not only with the composer of the music of the *Messiah*, but also with the sacred writers of the sublime words. ("Oh! oh!" and derisive cheers.) Stay for one moment and permit me to inform you on what foundation the claim is laid. First, has not the historian demonstrated that the Welsh race is none other than one of the lost ten tribes of the House of Israel? ("Dear me! Indeed to goodness," from Mr. Pencerdd Chorley) Secondly: bears not the race a semblance in form and feature to the Chosen people? ("Hear, hear," from Mr. Cummings.) Thirdly: where else can be found a poetic nature approaching nearer to Isaiah than that burning in the bosom of a Celt? ("Psha, psha.") And lastly: what tongue draws so close in sublimity to the Hebrew as the Cambrian language? Your Saxon hodge-podge of speech is what a puddle in a dirty English town is to a pellucid vigorous torrent of our mountains—stale, flat, and lifeless. In conclusion ("don't stop, go on!") I would recite the all-embracing line of the glorious bard of Bala, "Wales for the world, and the world for Wales."

The speaker sat down in solemn silence—a silence immediately broken by the scuffling of a party wantonly broken up by the eloquent Pencerdd Gwyffin.

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Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1886.

MADAME PATTI AT HOME.—III.

At the close of a paper published last month under the above heading I pledged myself to supply the readers of THE LUTE with some details of interest relating to the distinctions and gifts bestowed upon Madame Adelina Patti by those born in the purple, as well as to the treasures, artistic and literary, of which Craig-y-Nos Castle, her seat in Wales, is the repository. The name of these treasures is legion; they form a collection, a *catalogue raisonné* of which—such as might be drawn up by a very superior kind of auctioneer with the assistance of the Court Newsman—setting forth all their special attractions would fill an entire number of this periodical. Such mention as I am permitted to make of them here must necessarily be somewhat cursory and incomplete. Craving indulgence for certain unavoidable shortcomings, let me address myself to my task without further preface, animated by that inflexible sense of duty which prompted the immortal Captain Reece, R.N., "commanding of the Mantlepiece," to marry his washerwoman.

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SOPRANO.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow,

ALTO.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow,

TENOR *ova* lower,

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow,

BASS.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow, Be-

The piano accompaniment for the third system features a more complex harmonic structure. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand continues with its rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamics are marked with 'mp' (mezzo-piano) and 'p' (piano).

Beneath his Lady's win - dow came, Beneath his Lady's
 Beneath his Lady's win - dow came, Beneath his Lady's
 Beneath his Lady's win - dow came, Beneath his Lady's
 -neath, be - - neath his La - - dy's
 win.dow came, And thus, and thus he sang his last good -
 window came, And thus, and thus he sang his last good -
 window came, And thus, and thus he sang his last good -
 window came, And thus, and thus he sang his last good -
 window came, And thus, and thus he sang his last good -
 morrow; "My arm it is my country's right, My
 morrow; "My arm it is my country's right, My
 morrow; "My arm it is my country's right, My
 morrow; "My arm it is my country's right, My

p
cres.
dim.
cres.
dim.
cres.
dim.
cres.
dim.
p
3
3

heart is in my true love's bowr..... Gai-ly for love and fame to
heart is in my true love's bowr..... Gai-ly for love and fame to
heart is in my true love's bowr..... Gai-ly for love and fame to
heart is in my true love's bowr..... Gai-ly for love and fame to

fight..... Befits the gallant Trou - ba - - dour..... My
fight..... Befits the gal - lant Trou - ba - - dour..... My
fight..... Befits the gal - lant Trou - ba - - dour..... My
fight..... Befits the gal - lant Trou - ba - - dour..... My

arm it is my country's right..... My heart is in my true love's
arm it is my country's right..... My heart is in my true love's
arm it is my country's right..... My heart is in my true love's
arm it is my country's right..... My heart is in my true love's

ff

P & W. 206.

bow'r. Gaily for love, and fame to fight, Be - fits the

bow'r. Gaily for love and fame to fight, Be - fits the

bow'r. Gaily for love and fame to fight, Be - fits the

bow'r. Gaily for love and fame to fight, Be - fits the

Gal - - lant Trou - ba - dour?

Gal - - lant Trou - ba - dour?

Gal - - lant Trou - ba - dour?

Gal - - lant Trou - ba - dour?

f

P & W. 826.

And as he march'd with helm on head And harp in hand, the descant rung,

And as he march'd with helm on head And harp in hand, the descant rung,

And as he march'd with helm on head And harp in hand, the descant rung,

And as he march'd with helm on head And harp in hand, the descant rung, As

As faithful to his fav'rite maid, As faithful to his fav'rite maid, The

As faithful to his fav'rite maid, As faithful to his fav'rite maid, The

As faithful to his fav'rite maid, As faithful to his fav'rite maid, The

faith - ful to his fav' - rite maid, The

cres: min - strel bur - den still he *dim:* sung. "My

cres: min - strel bur - den still he *dim:* sung. "My

cres: min - strel bur - den still he *dim:* sung. "My

cres: min - strel bur - den still he sung. "My

arm it is my country's right, My heart is in my Lady's bow'r, Re-

arm it is my country's right, My heart is in my Lady's bow'r, Re-

arm it is my country's right, My heart is in my Lady's bow'r, Re-

arm it is my country's right, My heart is in my Lady's bow'r, Re-

solv'd for love and fame to fight. *cres:* . . . I come, a valiant Trou - ba -

solv'd for love and fame to fight. *cres:* . . . I come, a va - liant Trou - ba -

solv'd for love and fame to fight. I come, a va - liant Trou - ba -

-solv'd for love and fame to fight. I come, a va - liant Trou - ba -

-dour. My arm it is my country's right. My

-dour. My arm it is my country's right. My

-dour. My arm it is my country's right. My

-dour. My arm it is my country's right. My

ff

heart is in my Lady's bow'r... Resolv'd for love..... and fame to
heart is in my Lady's bow'r... Resolv'd for love
heart is in my Lady's bow'r... Resolv'd for love
heart is in my Lady's bow'r... Resolv'd for love

fight,..... I come, a va - liant Trou - ba - dour."
and fame to fight, I come, a va - liant Trou - ba - dour."
and fame to fight, I come, a va - liant Trou - ba - dour."
and fame to fight, I come, a va - liant Trou - ba - dour?"

P & W. 826.

Piu Lento, ♩ = 84.

LUTE № 37.

9

p A - las! a - las! up - on the bat - tle

pp A - las, a - las! up - on the bat - tle

pp A - las, a - las! up - on the bat - tle

pp A - las, a - las! up - on the bat - tle

A - las, a - las! up - on the bat - tle

field, He fell beneath

field, He fell beneath

field, He fell beneath

field, He fell, he fell be - neath the

the foe - man's glaive; But still

the foe - man's glaive; But still

the foe - man's glaive; But still

foe - man's glaive; But still, but still re -

re - cli - ning up - on his shield,
 re - cli - ning up - on his shield,
 re - cli - ning up - on his shield,
 cli - ning on his shield, Ex -

[illegible]

The image shows a page from a musical score for the hymn "My Country 'Tis of Thee". The score is written for voice and piano. The vocal part consists of two staves, both in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "My life it is my country's right. My". The piano accompaniment is shown in two systems. The first system has a treble and bass staff, both in F# major. The second system continues the accompaniment, featuring triplets in the bass staff. The tempo marking "Trem." (Tremolo) is present at the beginning and end of the piano part. The dynamic marking "pp" (pianissimo) is indicated for the vocal entry.

heart is in my La-dy's bow'r, For love... and fame to fall in

heart is in my La-dy's bow'r, For love... and fame to fall in

heart is in my La-dy's bow'r, For love... and fame to fall in

heart is in my La-dy's bow'r, For love... and fame to fall in

fight..... Becomes the valiant Trou - ba - dour..... My

fight..... Becomes the va - liant Trou - ba - dour..... My

fight..... Becomes the va - liant Trou - ba - dour..... My

fight..... Becomes the va - liant Trou - ba - dour..... My

life it is my country's right..... My heart is in my La-dy's

life it is my country's right..... My heart is in my La-dy's

life it is my country's right..... My heart is in my La-dy's

life it is my country's right..... My heart is in my La-dy's

bow'r. . . . For love and fame. . . . to fall in fight. . . . Becomes a
 bow'r. . . . For love and fame to fall in fight, Becomes a
 bow'r. . . . For love and fame to fall in fight, Becomes a
 bow'r. . . . For love and fame to fall in fight, Becomes a

va - liant Trou - ba - dour? . . .
 va - liant Trou - ba - dour? . . .
 va - liant Trou - ba - dour? . . .
 va - liant Trou - ba - dour? . . .

F & W. 826.

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musicians, dead and living, composers and executants; *souvenirs* taking the various forms of stanzas, sonnets, epigrams in verse and prose, and of musical *motivi* or *cadenze*, set down in manuscript notation by the greatest *maestri* of the past quarter of a century. The only name of supreme renown uninscribed on the pages of this interesting album is that of the late Richard Wagner, none of whose fatiguing soprano rôles (fortunately for her voice) Madame Patti ever undertook to impersonate; a circumstance which probably accounts for the absence of his autograph from her *recueil* of composers' signatures. On opening the book, the first *paraphe* that meets your eye is that of Emilio Naudin, the famous Parmesan tenor, with whom Madame Patti sang shortly after her début in Europe, and who, as far back as the year 1863, has recorded in black and white his conviction that her vocalisation, when she was only just out of her teens, was inimitable. The next signature, appended to a few lines manifestly dictated by affectionate admiration, is that of the ever-to-be-lamented Mario, Conte di Candia, with whom Madame Patti maintained an unbroken friendship for more than twenty years. Many important contributions were made to the album during the year 1864; for instance, a few bars of the great bravura air from *Il Barbiere*, written by the hand of Gioachino Rossini; an excerpt from the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, in the MS. of Jacob Meyerbeer; scraps of music, poetry and prose, subscribed by the composers Hector Berlioz, Stephen Heller, Michael Costa, Vincent Wallace and Michael Balfe, and by the following vocalists of the "first flight"—Giulia Grisi, Marietta Alboni, Theresa Tietjens, Constance Nantier-Didié, Theodor Wachtel, Antonio Giuglini, Italo Gardoni, Giorgio Ronconi, Tamberlick, Sims Reeves, Charles Santley and Brignoli. For grace of *tournure* and happiness of thought, the epigram inscribed by Hector Berlioz, in those bold square characters that contrast so vigorously with the careless calligraphy of many of his fellow-composers, is the literary gem of the year above-mentioned. It runs thus:—

"Oportet pati."
Les latinistes traduisent cet adage par
"Il faut souffrir;"—
Les moines par
"Apportez le pâté;"
Les amis de la musique par
"Il nous faut Patti."

Hector Berlioz.

The honoured names of Arabella Goddard and Luigi Arditi are also included in the list of autographs with which 1864 enriched Madame Patti's album. That of Stigelli—Georg Stiegele, the accomplished Wuertemberg tenor and song-writer—is the only one of conspicuous mark contributed during the ensuing year; but 1866 is distinguished by an inscription and musical excerpt under the sign-manual of Maestro Verdi, whose intense appreciation of Madame Patti's talent finds expression in a sentence unmistakably inspired by genuine enthusiasm.

Like Rossini before him, he appears to entertain the conviction that Madame Patti was brought into the world for the express and exclusive purpose of interpreting the creations of his genius to absolute perfection; and I have been told that, on one occasion, an *impresario* having written to him asking for the names of the three *cantatrici* who, in his opinion, were best qualified, as actresses and singers alike, to impersonate Violetta (*La Traviata*), he replied laconically: "First, Adelina; second, Adelina; third, Adelina." Beneath his entry in the album, and on the same page, stand autographic tributes of homage and friendship from that gifted artist, Madame Trebelli, and her genial husband, the lyric tenor Signor Bettini. Next in succession come the signatures of Tamburini, Calzolari, Cotogni, and Bottesini, followed by four inestimable autographs, not one of which, however, is dated. That of Daniel Auber is appended to a few bars of the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, and a line or two of unstinted laudation; Charles Gounod has set down in obvious haste the *motivo* of the garden-duet from *Faust* "to recall himself to the remembrance of inimitable Adelina;" Christine Nilsson records her "devoted friendship for the songstress queen" on the next page, and the lamented Julius Benedict contributes a carefully turned compliment to the *châtelaine* of Craig-y-Nos, written in the album during his last sojourn at the castle, some four or five years ago, when his eyesight was so seriously affected that, for the time being, he was practically blind. I was staying at the house that autumn—it was not very long after his second marriage—and well remember the tender care and absolute devotion lavished upon the septuagenarian *maestro* by his gifted and attractive young wife. The king of oculists, Critchett, subsequently wrought a miracle in his behalf, and restored his sight; but, at the period I allude to, Benedict believed himself doomed to total and life-long blindness, and his straggling, laboured autograph in Madame Patti's album bears touching testimony to the nature and extent of a calamity which he endured with singular fortitude, and even cheerfulness, although it threatened his old age with poverty, and with what appeared to him still more terrible—enforced idleness.

Another interesting screed in the Diva's collection is the opening phrase of the famous *Fledermaus* waltz, jotted down and signed by its composer, Johann Strauss. Braga, too, has written in a dozen bars or so of his "Chanson Valaque," with the 'cello obbligato, which ran through every concert-room in Europe about a decade ago. Two rival "heroic tenors," Niemann and Capoul, outvie each other in offerings of flattering homage—the German in verse, the Frenchman in prose—on successive pages of the album; and hard by their passionate effusions may be found the MS. of an original song, composed at Craig-y-Nos last year and dedicated to the "Schlossherrin" by Kapellmeister Wilhelm Ganz, one of Madame Patti's most faithful and trusted friends in the musical profession. Besides the *souvenirs* more particularly mentioned in the foregoing lines, the album contains verses by Spanish, Russian, French, and Italian poets, and

a good many autographs of minor interest. Enough, however, has been already said to demonstrate its extraordinary value as a probably unique *recueil* of its kind. Not even the honorific distinctions and costly gems bestowed upon Madame Patti by the rulers of mighty nations bear such incontrovertible testimony to the paramount quality of her executant gifts as do the spontaneous outpourings of the enthusiasm those gifts and their application have aroused in the breasts of such mighty musicians as Berlioz, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod, and Auber, who—one and all—have recognised in Adelina Patti the greatest songstress of the past quarter of a century.

As, to the best of my belief, an absolutely complete list of the parts studied and committed to memory by Madame Patti in the course of her career as an operatic singer has never heretofore been brought to public cognizance, it seems to me fairly probable that the following summary of her *répertoire*, which I have taken down from her own lips, will be perused with no inconsiderable interest by the readers of THE LUTE. I should, perhaps, premise that I have indicated, by prefixing a star to certain titles of operas in the subjoined list, those rôles which Madame Patti has at different times found herself called upon to learn, and even rehearse, but which—owing to one untoward circumstance or another—she has never performed in public:—

Verdi:—*Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, *Aida*, *Luisa Miller*, *Giovanna d'Arco*, **Vespere Siciliane*, **Ballo in Maschera*.

Rossini:—*Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Semiramide*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Otello*, *Mosé in Egitto*.

Donizetti:—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Pasquale*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Linda di Chamouni*.

Meyerbeer:—*Les Huguenots*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Le Pardon de Plœrmel*, **Robert le Diable*.

Bellini:—*La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*.

Mozart:—*Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, **Il Flauto Magico*.

Gounod:—*Faust*, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Mireille*.

Auber:—*Les Diamans de la Couronne*, **Fra Diavolo*.

Poniatowski:—*Gelmina*, *Don Desiderio*.

Bizet:—*Carmen*. Flotow:—*Martha*. Ricci:—*Crispino e la Comare*. Campana:—*Esmeralda*. Lenepveu:—*Velléda*. Cohen:—*Estrella*.

In all, forty-seven operas, in the leading parts of which she is "note-perfect," and forty-two in which she has actually appeared upon the operatic stage. Many of the above rôles she has sung in French, as well as in Italian, and is fully qualified, were she required to do so, to render them in Spanish, German, or our own vernacular, all which tongues she speaks with remarkable facility and purity of accent.

Amongst the Imperial and Royal decorations and gifts of jewelry, *longum describere*, bestowed upon Madame Patti in acknowledgment of her great acquirements as a vocalist I may mention a few which are invested with special interest in connection with their donors as well as with their recipient. The late Czar Alexander Nicolaievich, of whose

kindness to her Madame Patti has innumerable anecdotes to relate, conferred upon her the Russian Gold Medal for Proficiency in the Arts and Sciences, set in magnificent brilliants and suspended by an Imperial Crown in diamonds, to the riband of St. Alexander Nevski—an Order of Chivalry corresponding in rank to the Garter, Golden Fleece and Annunziata. Madame Patti is also the proud possessor of a somewhat out-of-the-way decoration, as Knightly Orders go—that founded by the Royal Kalakaua, King of the *ci-devant* Cannibal Islands, whose full-length portrait adorns the blue boudoir in Craig-y-Nos Castle. I believe the correct style and title of this Island Potentate's Order to be "Kulia i Kanna," whatever that may mean. It is an eight-pointed cross, executed in crimson enamel and gold, of a somewhat barbaric gorgeousness. A five-pointed star, formed of thirty large brilliants of exceptional whiteness and lustre, which Madame Patti frequently wears when *en grande toilette*, looks as if it ought to be the symbol of some "Exalted" or "Most Illustrious" Order. It is, however, only a token of regard presented to her by the citizens of San Francisco on the occasion of her last visit to California. From Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal and own sister to Humbert of Italy, Madame Patti has received a massive locket, containing Her Majesty's portrait, and enriched by an enormous Oriental pearl encrusted in brilliants; from Queen Victoria a valuable diamond bracelet; from Ysobel de Borbon, whilom Queen of Spain, a huge amethyst *solitaire* set in pearls and diamonds, and a pair of superb ruby earrings. Every imaginable sort of ornament in precious stones has been presented to her by the members of the Hohenzollern, Romanoff and Hapsburg Imperial families, quite as much at one in loading her with trinkets as in maintaining the integrity of the Triple Alliance. For the information of the fairer moiety of my readers (those of the sterner sex are requested to skip the remaining lines of this paragraph) I may add that Madame Adelina Patti's collection of jewels—for the most part consisting of gifts from august personages or testimonials offered to her by the general public—comprises five diadems of brilliants, five *rivières* of brilliants, six complete *parures* (i.e. necklace, earrings, bracelets, brooch and ring) executed in (1) brilliants; (2) emeralds and brilliants; (3) rubies and brilliants; (4) sapphires and brilliants; (5) pearls and brilliants; (6) turquoises and brilliants. Of "casual" rings, brooches, bracelets, earrings and jewelled pins, not forming part of any particular set, she owns scores upon scores. Amongst her miscellaneous ornaments are half-a-dozen gigantic diamond bees, butterflies, and beetles each one of them worth a good deal more money than the "three acres and a cow" with which Hodge has recently been tempted to essay a new political departure; several *parures* of pale and deep red Neapolitan coral, of glowing carbuncles, of rococo "arrangements" in gold and gems of many colours, and of antique camei and intagli. To her vast collection of "curios" I have alluded in a former paper, omitting, however, to mention

a silvern double-barrelled pistol, richly encrusted with precious stones, two sets of rare old golden and *cloisonné* cups from Moscow and Tula, a couple of embossed trowels with which the Diva has on two occasions patted lumps of wet mortar in the process of laying first-stones, golden *medailles d'honneur* by the dozen, and, finally, no end of diplomas, triumphs of calligraphic dexterity cunningly engrossed upon creamy vellum or milk-white parchment, and recording Madame Patti's active or honorary connection with musical institutions in every part of the civilized world. One of these documents, handsomely framed, occupies a post of honour in the castle library, between two excellent likenesses of the *châtelaine* and Signor Nicolini, and over against a fine portrait of my friend the editor of this periodical. It is the grand diploma of the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, certifying that Madame Adelina Patti is the only female member of that illustrious corporation. She is not a little proud of possessing this brevet, unique as regards musicians of her sex; indeed, she has reason to regard Bologna with especial affection and gratitude, for one of its theatres bears her name, and the date of her first appearance on the stage of the old (Emilian capital is recorded for all time to come on a marble tablet, let into one of the walls of the Teatro Comunale, to my mind the best opera-house in all Italy.

My task is done. No one can be more keenly alive to its shortcomings or conscious of its imperfections than myself; I can only hope that, in judging it, the difficulties of a strenuous but ineffectual effort to cram a bushel of matter into a peck of space will be generously taken into consideration. If I have succeeded in conveying to my readers some idea of those "outward and visible signs" which point to the results actually achieved by the talent, industry and perseverance of a woman still in the prime of life, who, in the course of her artistic career, has earned over half a million sterling by singing and acting, I have done what I aspired to do when I commenced this short series of papers, and am content.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

THE intelligent foreigner, who ordinarily marvels at the quantity of choral music we can do with in this country, must have been perfectly astounded at our receptive capacity during the past month or so. Never, we should say, has oratorio had such a time. The activity of choral societies, old and new, in as well as out of London, has been simply extraordinary. The general election, depression in trade, and a dozen other influences that might commonly be regarded as adverse, seem to have had no effect whatever upon the course of musical events, unless, indeed, to excite an unwonted measure of energy and movement. Nor have we heard so many complaints as usual of lukewarmness on the part of the public. Each enterprise seems to command tolerably satisfactory support from the particular section to which it

appeals; and herein, to our thinking, is the most promising indication of substantial progress.

* * *

THE new London Select Choir, under Mr. Cusins, entered upon its existence under highly encouraging circumstances, giving performances of Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* that attained an even exalted standard of efficiency. The second of the Novello Oratorio Concerts was distinguished by the most successful rendering of *Mors et Vita* yet heard in the metropolis; it was a brilliant performance on the part of all concerned and frankly acknowledged as such by an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. Again on the 22nd ult. Mr. Mackenzie's choir, with Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Maas, Mr. Ludwig, and Mr. Santley gave *The Redemption*; but comment upon this, or such a familiar event as the Sacred Harmonic Society's Christmas performance of the *Messiah*, is not called for. Suffice it that if we have had plenty of oratorio of late, it has invariably been presented under the best possible conditions.

* * *

THE ante-Noel series of Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts was brought to a successful termination on the 19th ult., when Mr. F. H. Cowen's Birmingham cantata, *The Sleeping Beauty*, was performed for the first time before a London-Sydenham audience. Curiosity to hear this charming work was made manifest by a large attendance, and a thoroughly favourable verdict afforded ample confirmation of the high opinion formed of Mr. Cowen's music by those who had previously heard it. The familiar nursery story is happily treated both by librettist and composer, and the score is replete with artistic touches that elevate by their good and fancy music calculated to gain certain popularity.

* * *

THE performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Palace was by no means free from blemish, but on the whole it deserved commendation. The choruses went with spirit, and the band, if guilty of one or two slips, rendered the delightful instrumentation of the cantata with a degree of delicacy not attained by the Birmingham orchestra. Mrs. Hutchinson gave the music of the Princess in her usual refined manner, and that of the Wicked Fay was not less successfully rendered (for the first time) by Miss Hope Glenn. The tenor part, created by Mr. Lloyd, was allotted to Mr. William Winch, who, however, seemed somewhat heavily taxed by his task. Mr. King again delivered the dignified phrases of the King with excellent expression and effect. Mr. Cowen conducted, and was called at the close amid hearty applause.

* * *

OPERATIC *impresarii* in this country—with one conspicuous exception, Mr. Carl Rosa—are apt to complain that the high salaries exacted by "stars" of the present day render it impossible to carry out any considerable enterprise in connection with the lyric drama, except at ruinous loss. There is too much reason to believe that this sorrowful allegation

is founded on fact; but large rates of remuneration are by no means a novelty, as far as really great opera-singers are concerned, and it is probable that the heavy expenses of production, undertaken by managers nowadays in deference to the exigencies of the public with regard to *mise-en-scène*, costumes, appointments, &c., have at least as much to do with the financial disasters accruing from operatic ventures as have the thumping sums paid to queens and kings of song.

* * *

In the days of Caffarelli and Farinelli, a century and a-half ago, operas were played with two or three "cloths" and a score of "supers" at most; and a steadfast parsimony, in relation to the mounting of song-plays prevailed throughout the ensuing hundred years (with a few exceptions, of course) enabling managers to devote the greater part of their pecuniary outlay to the payment of their leading vocalists, who, after all, constituted the chief attraction to the opera-loving public.

* * *

FARINELLI, for instance, earned £5,000 a year whilst singing in London in 1734-5-6; an amount representing thrice that sum at the present time. Fifty years later Aguja was paid eighty guineas for singing two songs in a London concert-room, as often as he chose to warble on those terms. When Catalani came to this metropolis in 1806, she entered into an eleven months' engagement for opera alone, with six weeks' leave for a provincial tour, and the right to give a certain number of concerts in town on her own account, besides one full benefit. When her *scrittura* expired she had cleared over £16,000.

* * *

AGAIN in 1827 Pasta obtained an engagement for the London season—barely three months—on the following terms; salary, £2,500, allowances, £1,250, and one full benefit. Five thousand pounds was paid to Malibran during the season of 1833, and as much to Alboni a few years later, whilst Sontag earned £6,000 in the course of the spring and summer of 1849. Mara made a large fortune in this country; it was squandered by her dissipated husband, and she died in poverty. Rubini died worth three-quarters of a million sterling, chiefly earned in Russia and England; and Mario earned enough in the course of his brilliant artistic career to found a first-class county family, but it all slipped through his fingers, leaving one of the most generous and amiable of men little better than a pauper in his old age.

* * *

FARINELLI's great rival, Caffarelli, made more money by singing than any other vocalist of ancient or modern times. He left thirty-six millions of francs behind him, which were inherited by Naples, the city of his birth; for, like Farinelli, he was a foundling, and died intestate. A few years before his death his jewelry and plate were valued at £560,000, and chiefly consisted of precious stones and *objets d'art* presented to him by wealthy admirers of his inimitable talent, which expressed

itself not only in unrivalled tone-production, but in elaborate *floriture* and *staccati* of which he was the originator in connection with operatic singing.

* * *

WHEN his powers were at their fullest his accumulations of actual hard cash were so great as to permit him to purchase a small dukedom without in any way restricting his current expenses; and thenceforth he caused himself to be announced on all theatre and concert-bills as "The Duke Caffarelli, King of all the Singers." His natural conceit increased proportionately with the growth of his fortune, and frequently prompted him to display inconceivable impertinence to personages of the highest rank and distinction.

* * *

ON one occasion his insolence received a severe correction at the hands of Cardinal Albani, a generous and intelligent patron of the arts, but singularly high-tempered and resolute by nature. His Eminence had invited Caffarelli to the Eternal City, and received him, on his arrival there, with all possible courtesy and splendour. When the great singer had had time to recover from the fatigue of his journey, the Cardinal asked him to sing at a reception, to which all the grandees of Roman society had been specially bidden; and Caffarelli accepted the invitation, sending his music to the Cardinal's palace on the morning of the appointed *soirée*—at which, however, he failed to put in an appearance. After waiting some time in vain, the Cardinal sent a messenger to Caffarelli's lodging, where he was found in dressing-gown and slippers, lying upon a sofa and reading a book. "Alas! Signor Caffarelli," exclaimed the messenger, "you are ill, it seems!" "I, ill," replied the singer; "not in the least. Why should I be ill?" "But His Eminence and all the nobles of Rome are expecting you at the concert!" "So they are; dear me, I had forgotten all about it. Well, another time will do just as well; it is too late for me to dress now." "You will not come?" "Some other evening, my good fellow." The messenger departed, and ten minutes later Cardinal Albani's major-domo entered the room, followed by four stalwart grooms. "You are to come to the Cardinal at once," he said; "just as you are, and without an instant's delay. *Avanti!*" Expostulation was out of the question, and Caffarelli was marched off to the Palazzo Albani.

* * *

ON entering the concert-room, which was crowded with the *fine fleur* of Rome's nobility, he broke out into elaborate apologies for his *dishabille*, which were received by the company with dead silence. His escort conducted him to the orchestra, and stationed him in front of a desk upon which his music had been placed. Forthwith the band struck up the symphony to one of his celebrated *arie di bravura*. Recovering his self-possession by a violent effort, he sang the *solo* in his very best manner, eliciting enthusiastic applause and loud cries of "Bravo, Caffarelli," from his audience,

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which, however, resumed its former stillness as he bowed his thanks for its plaudits. Forthwith his escort led him out of the concert-room into a small adjacent boudoir, where the major-domo handed him a magnificent diamond breast-pin and a bag containing five hundred golden *zecchini*, with the words:—"Take these, as representing His Eminence's thanks for your performance; and," continued the major-domo, making a sign to the four grooms, "take these, representing His Eminence's punishment for your ill-breeding." Whereupon the grooms produced four stout dog-whips and laid into Caffarelli with such amazing vigour that he howled for mercy like a beaten hound. Then, from the adjoining concert-room, arose a fresh outburst of hand-clapping, and renewed shouts of "Bravo, Caffarelli, bravo, bravissimo!" The "Duke" quitted Rome the same night with a skinful of sore bones, and vowing vengeance on Cardinal Albani, whose position, as a matter of fact, he contrived to undermine a few months later.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

Birmingham.—As may be readily imagined, the state of the political horizon has interfered with matters musical in this Midland Centre. Unfortunately, Birmingham has but a single large hall properly provisioned for a concert, the Town Hall, and, that edifice being corporate property, the powers that be with strict discrimination have doled its accommodation without prejudice to both parties, leaving music "out in the cold." The Town Hall being then appropriated to burning discussions on such moot points as "Three acres and a cow," and "Home rule," musical people have been obliged to take their entertainment under the conditions that beggars cannot be choosers. The great societies of the town, seizing time by the forelock, decreed a sort of musical interregnum for the month, and were it not for one or two interesting and valuable interpolations, the musical record of Birmingham doings for December would have been a blank sheet. First and foremost I hasten to record the distinct and decided success of the Madrigal Choir of the Midland Institute, evidenced by a remarkably good concert given on the first Saturday of the month. The pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable *matinée* included a capital selection of part music, and the choir, some sixty voices strong, gave an excellent account of such gems as, "Sweete flowers ye were too faire," "Blest pair of Syrens," "The Sands of Dee," &c. *Inter alia* I may remark that this organization has the advantage of owning Mr. W. C. Stockley, the able director of the Festival Choir, as its conductor; and that its career has been fostered and cared for by that energetic and accomplished amateur, Mr. G. H. Johnstone. As a *souffçon* of variety, Mr. Brewerton played some pianoforte music, the "Spennelied," notably well, and the soli work was entrusted to Miss Fanny Hadley and Mr. C. B. Bragg, responsibilities fulfilled to the very letter.—On December 7th, to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the large Lecture Theatre of the Midland Institute, Mr. Joseph Bennett discoursed on "Beethoven, the Man," and that *littérateur* certainly gave us glimpses of the personality of the Colossus of art at once interesting, valuable, and instructive. As may be surmised from the title of the lecture the musical phases of the question were avoided, and to give a clear and succinct account of Beethoven, the Man, Mr. Bennett

let the composer speak himself through his letters, his diary and his daily walk and conversation. Delightful as a *raconteur* the lecturer commenced with a pen and ink sketch of Beethoven's appearance and dress, gave us a peep into his every-day life, and finished with momentous reminiscences of his later years. The lecture was listened to with evident pleasure, and that agreeable state of feeling was enhanced by the thoughtful arrangement of Mr. Bennett in providing some splendid musical illustrations. Miss M. Cronin's efforts were in the best possible taste, and imperative brevity alone prevents a review *seriatim* of her successful and much appreciated efforts. If no other evidence were forthcoming that she is a true Beethoven exponent proof was provided by her remarkably excellent performance of the slow movement from the "Waldstein" sonata. To signalise the visit of Mr. Bennett to Birmingham the Committee of the Clef Club invited him to supper after the lecture, the president, Mr. H. B. Marshall, occupying the chair, and Mr. G. H. Johnstone the vice-chair. The health of the visitor was proposed by Mr. Marshall, supported in graceful terms by Mr. Cortes Perera, and suitably acknowledged by the recipient of the honour. Speaking of the Clef Club I may say that "high jinks" are to be expected in January, the occasion of the annual dinner. Thanks to the good offices of someone, who shall be nameless, Sir Arthur Sullivan has accepted the presidency of this unique organization, and on January 22nd will, for the first time, meet the members. "Westminster Bridge" has undertaken to supply a new part song for male voices for the occasion, Sir Arthur Sullivan has promised a song, and Mr. Cowen and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie have undertaken to use their pens to add *éclat* to the reunion. Among the visitors, Mr. Joseph Bennett, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Carl Rosa, Mr. Lionel Benson, Mr. D'Oyley Carte, the names previously mentioned, and others are expected to be present.—On Tuesday, the 15th, *Forfrida*, a dramatic cantata, which since its previous presentation has been considerably altered, was given at the Town Hall, under the watchful care of Mr. H. M. Stevenson, the able and energetic conductor of the Midland Musical Society. The author, Mr. W. Moore, has another work on the stocks, *Daniel*, the MSS. of which, from a cursory perusal I can unhesitatingly say evinces much promise. Another Birmingham author, Mr. Joseph Short, has a second Mass, "St. George," in the press, which will be issued early in 1886. Finally, I would like to add that the new Musical School undertaken by the Midland Institute is a distinct success. On the first Saturday of this month, I devoted some hours to a peregrination through the classes, and observed upwards of seven hundred pupils at work. Mr. G. H. Johnstone, who with Mr. G. Matthews, aided by the valuable help of Mr. Paxton Porter, the secretary of the Institute, has been largely instrumental in the present prosperity of the venture, is my authority for saying the school numbers upwards of twelve hundred pupils.

Bristol.—Musically speaking, the month just over has been a very quiet one in this town. On the 3rd ult., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Viner-Pomeroy gave another of their Classical Chamber Concerts. On this occasion the promoters of these re-unions took a departure from the path they have generally followed, and instead of producing the works of the great masters they devoted the whole of the evening's programme—with the exception of two numbers, to the work of modern, and I had almost written unknown composers. Still, Alfred Holmes, brother of the highly-esteemed violinist, has some claim to distinc-

tion, but I must confess ignorance of the name of Mr. Algernon Ashton, either as a composer or as a pianist. However, the gentleman came, played, and from all accounts certainly did not conquer. The sooner these concerts which are entitled "Classical Chamber Concerts" are once more restored to their original status, the better all lovers of good music will be pleased.—On the 8th, the first of a series of four Chamber Concerts at popular prices took place. The promoters, who offer subscribers of one guinea sixteen transferable tickets for the series, have every reason to be gratified with the support their undertaking has received. The room was crowded, and a well-selected programme, consisting of instrumental trios and solos, and songs—executants and vocalists being local professors—was performed in a way that augurs well for the artistic success of the series. The next is announced for the 28th January.—Mr. George Riseley's "Monday Popular" concerts are announced to begin early in February. During the season, in addition to orchestral works, Dvůřák's *Spectre Bride*, Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*, and some well-known choral works are to be performed. Mr. Proust's Birmingham symphony figures amongst the orchestral works to be rendered. Till these concerts begin there will be no music of importance. Fancy a town of 250,000 inhabitants without a Christmas performance of *The Messiah*. Eheu!!

Cardiff.—On the 9th ult., an excellent concert was given at Charles Street Congregational Church, in aid of the organ enlargement fund. The conductor was Mr. Sydney Fifoot, and the organist Mr. J. E. Deacon. The soloists included Miss Astle ("O, had I Jubal's lyre"), Miss Jarvis ("The better land"), Miss Clara Lewis ("Ruth and Naomi"), Mr. Bolton ("Waft her, angels") and Mr. J. C. Meggitt ("Nazareth"). The duet, "My song shall be always of mercy" (Mendelssohn) by Miss Astle and Mr. J. E. Deacon, was very much appreciated, as well as the motet, "The 95th Psalm" (Mendelssohn), in which the soli parts were taken by Miss Astle, Miss Kate Smith, and Mr. Bolton. The concert was, on the whole, a great success.

Exeter.—The period which has elapsed since last writing has been a rather busy one. The first event which cares for notice was the concert of the Orchestral Society, which was a very enjoyable one, although the attendance was not so large as on previous occasions; the programme was an attractive one, including Beethoven's Symphony in F, "Pastorale," and the Andante (Pilgrim's March) from the Italian Symphony (Mendelssohn). There were, however, two or three numbers repeated, which were given at the previous concert. This was undoubtedly an unwise step as being open to the misconception that it was through weakness on the part of the Society. This is not so—the Society is really capable of excellent work, and should have sufficient confidence to venture upon bolder undertakings. More three-part songs were rendered by members of the Exeter Madrigal Society. Mr. R. B. Moore, F.C.O., Mus. Bac., is the conductor of both societies.—The organ recitals of Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., have been renewed this season, and have been successful. At one of them a pleasing variation was introduced in the form of some part songs, rendered by members of the Exeter Branch of the Western Counties Musical Association. The recitals are now suspended for a time, owing to the hall having been let for the purpose of a circus.—An excellent performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida* was given by the Exeter Cantata Society, in aid of the funds of a local charity. There was a large attendance.

Both songs and choruses were well rendered under the conductorship of Mr. F. J. Shapcott.—The event of the month has undoubtedly been the second of the series of Subscription Concerts, provided by Mr. Farley Sinkins, a local basso of considerable reputation. The concerts (morning and evening) were rendered specially noteworthy from the fact that it was the first of the Heckmann Quartet in these parts. Great as were the expectations formed by reason of their fame, it is no exaggeration to say that these were even exceeded. Such extraordinary *ensemble* playing has undoubtedly never before been heard in this part of the country, and the visit of the party has left a great impression. The pieces selected for interpretation were Hadyn's quartet in B (Op. 76, No. 4); cavatina from the B flat quartet (Op. 130, Beethoven); canzonetta from E flat quartet (Op. 12, Mendelssohn); Mozart's quartet in F (No. 8); and a solo (viola), "Elegie" (Ernst). The vocalists were Miss Robertson (Mrs. Stanley Stubbs), Mr. Joseph Maas, Mr. J. G. Robertson (brother of Miss Robertson), and Mr. F. Sinkins. It is to be regretted that the concerts (morning and evening), owing to various engagements in the city at the time, were not financially so successful as they should—and doubtless otherwise would—have been.—A capital illuminated Promenade Concert was given an evening or two since in aid of the funds of the Rifle Volunteer and City Band. The event was a great success, there being between two and three thousand persons present.

Leeds.—At a meeting of guarantors of the Leeds Musical Festival of next year, the Hon. Sec. (Ald. Spark) read the report of the Provisional Committee, as follows:—At the final meeting of the General Festival Committee in 1883 a sub-provisional committee, in accordance with Leeds custom, was appointed for the purpose mainly of making arrangements for new works to be produced at the Triennial Festival of 1886. That committee held its first meeting in January, 1884, and correspondence was at once entered into with several eminent English and foreign composers, resulting ultimately in arrangements being made with Herr Dvůřák, the distinguished Bohemian musician; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, the composer of the oratorio *The Rose of Sharon*, &c.; and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Each of these will write for the Festival a new choral work. Herr Dvůřák's composition will be an oratorio, having for its subject the life and martyrdom of a Bohemian female saint. The work—a considerable portion of which is already written—will occupy about two hours in performance. Mr. Mackenzie will produce a secular cantata, the libretto being the work of Mr. Joseph Bennett. Sir Arthur Sullivan's work is to be similar in character and length to *The Martyr of Antioch*, composed for the Leeds Festival of 1880. Until recently the Provisional Committee expected an original choral work from Herr Rubinstein, who had in fact selected his librettist, and fixed the subject of his composition, which he had promised to produce for the Festival, and to conduct personally. Unfortunately, Dr. Rodenburg, to whom the writing of the words had been entrusted, was compelled in consequence of ill-health to relinquish labour for a time; and a letter was received from Herr Rubinstein last April, announcing that he was reluctantly compelled to abandon his intended composition, and expressing great regret thereat. The hon. sec. then went on to say that already the Guarantee Fund has reached the sum of £18,125, and that the Reserve Fund stands at the substantial figure of £1,114 17s. 2d. The report was considered very satisfactory and was unanimously adopted, and among

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other speakers Mr. T. Marshall moved that one-fourth of the profit arising from the ensuing festival be added to the Reserve Fund. He also explained that in the first place they had made it a rule to apply only to composers of established rank and reputation; and in the next place, they thought it not advisable to have too many works even from these composers, but felt, as he hoped the guarantors would feel, that they must rely for the success of the festival mainly on the great classical composers whose works belonged to no special age. It was necessary, of course, to provide some novelties, both in order to stimulate interest and to encourage living composers—(hear, hear)—and with that view they had commissioned the distinguished Bohemian composer, Herr Dvůřák, to write a work, the subject of which seemed replete with interest. With regard to the English composers, the names of Sullivan and Mackenzie were too well-known for their selection to require any justification. This resolution was adopted.

Oxford.—On Wednesday afternoon (December 2nd), a cantata entitled *Esther*, composed as an exercise for the degree of Doctor in Music, by Mr. Harry Coy, Mus. Bac., Oxon, was performed with marked success at the Sheldonian Theatre. The chief events in the story of the Jewish maiden were ably recited by Mr. Wright (tenor), to whom was also allotted one air, "How are the mighty fallen." *Esther* was represented by Master Glenton, of whose solos the most admired was "My soul doth magnify the Lord," with a charming accompanying chorus. Another gem was the banquet music. Of the choruses the expressive "Behold, thou art fair," and "O Lord God of Hosts," with well constructed fugue, were the most distinctive; and a word of praise must be awarded to the overture, which contains original indications of an oriental setting. The other soloists were Mr. Bailey, (Mordecai); Mr. Grice, baritone (Haman); Mr. Phillips, bass (Ahasuerus) and Messrs. Robson, Crane, and Bonell (Chamberlains). The trebles of the chorus were New College choir boys, who did credit to the training of Mr. J. Taylor, Mus. Bac., and the organist was Mr. Dodds, Mus. Bac.—At a congregation holden at Oxford on December 3rd, presided over by the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. M. Coy, Mus. Bac., of New College, and Sale, near Manchester, who was presented by Sir Frederick Ouseley, received the degree of Doctor in Music.

Penelawdd.—A well-attended Eisteddfod was held here on 7th ult., Mr. G. Birbeck presiding. The chief prize, £8, was offered for the best rendering of a chorus entitled, "Rejoicing in the Lord," by Mr. Seth P. Jones, a local composer. The Calvinistic choir was successful. Eos Morlais was the musical adjudicator. A concert took place in the evening under the presidency of Mr. J. Glyn Thomas, Llangennech.

[The Editor will be obliged to Conductors or Secretaries of Musical Societies if they will kindly send programmes and notes of concerts on or before the 24th day of the month. The notices should be brief and to the point, the names of artists distinct and legible, and the whole written on one side of the paper only.]

MRS. BRINLEY RICHARDS is dead. She was the daughter of Mr. Banting, of "anti-fat" renown, and whose name like that of Captain Boycott, has passed into the English language.

OVERHEARD in a railway train (a fact). "I went to the Crystal Palace last Saturday to the first performance of the *Sleeping Beauty*." "Indeed! Have the pantomimes begun so soon?"

REVIEWS.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Hymn of the Seasons. Cantatina. Poetry by David R. Williamson. Music by Robert McHardy.

We cannot exactly pin our faith to Mr. McHardy's harmonic method, which might be modified with advantage, nevertheless the composer has here made a serious effort which deserves respect.

A Song of the Twilight. Poetry by David R. Williamson. Music by Robert McHardy.

This is an interesting song, with some rather novel points about it. It deserves attention as an effort to get out of well-worn ruts.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

The Promise of the Spring. Words by Jessie Vogel. Music by C. Swinnerton Heap.

A SONG out of the common order. Musically and expressive.

The Broken Flower. Words by Felicia Hemans. Composed by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

FAIRLY written and pleasing, but the unbroken six-eight rhythm runs a great risk of monotonous effect.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Organum. A Series of Pieces for the Organ. Selected and arranged by Dr. W. Spark.

EIGHTEEN numbers of this series are now before us and furnish ample evidence of judicious selection and excellent "get up." There are three divisions—Classical (sacred and secular), original compositions, and miscellaneous and popular. Organists can, therefore, take their choice and suit the taste of those they desire to please. The whole, of course, makes a varied and interesting collection, which should be a God-send to organists in the country who find the choice of separate pieces difficult and their purchase costly. In this case Dr. Spark has again done good work for his brother performers upon the so-called "king of instruments," and we unhesitatingly recommend *Organum* to all whom it may concern.

Songs by Edith A. Bracken. 1. *A Memory.* 2. *El Dorado.* 3. *The Lily's Lesson.* 4. *The Child and the Poet.* 5. *O, Yet we Trust.* 6. *One Word.* 7. *Fair Daffodils* (Duet). 8. *Life Lapses by.*

MISS BRACKEN is evidently a copious composer and one who has been fortunate enough to win the confidence of her publisher. The pieces before us are well worth the attention of amateurs on the look-out for new songs. For the most part they show nice feeling, and are written with taste and skill within the limits laid down. Passages of special difficulty are avoided, and so is the utterance of simple common-place into which so many composers fall when they would be simple only. We shall examine with interest any future song bearing the name of Edith A. Bracken.

Ten Songs for Children, with easy Pianoforte Accompaniment, by Carl Reinecke.

A PRETTILY got-up little book, full of pretty tunes such as children love. Herr Reinecke's trifles are always graceful, and in this case he has written down to the little ones in a charming spirit. These ten songs should be in every nursery.

Elfin Chimes. A Cantata for Female Voices. Music by Fred. F. Rogers.

A USEFUL Cantata for ladies' schools and classes. The music is varied, pleasing, and not difficult.

POET'S CORNER.

TWO QUESTIONS.

"SAY, what is Love?
 Ah, tell me what is Love!
 Is it a thing of grief, or joy
 And all delight?
 Is it the dimpled, laughing boy
 With careless flight
 And wings unfurled?
 Say, is it blind, or can it see
 And must it come to you and me,
 And all the world?"

Ah, what is Love!
 You ask me what is Love!
 And who may tell when Love appears
 With soft caress,
 Whether it come with smiles or tears—
 To curse or bless!
 Nay, let it be.
 With some it finds unbidden place
 And some may mourn, and yet its face
 May never see.

"Say, where is Love?
 Ah, tell me where is Love!
 Shall I go seek it on the hills
 Or on the plains—
 Or does it wander by the rills
 Or through the lanes
 Or by the shore?
 And if perchance we meet some day
 Say, will it greet, or fly away
 For evermore?"

Ah, where is Love!
 You ask me where is Love!
 And you may pass the very spot
 And never see,
 Or you may seek and find it not
 Where it should be!
 Yet do not sigh.
 Somewhere a soul for thee doth pine
 Somewhere a heart doth beat with thine—
 Love cannot die!

HERBERT BENNETT.

It cannot be complained that the Popular Concert schemes have been devoid of novelty. On December 7 Brahms's string quartet in C. minor, Op. 51, was played for the first time by Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Riès, Straus, and Franz Néruda; and a sonata in the same key, for piano and violin, by Ph. Emanuel Bach, executed by Madame Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé, was introduced with a degree of success that should ensure our hearing more from the pen of the same neglected master. A week later Kiel's pianoforte quintet in C minor, Op. 76, was added to the repertory, while other new works of minor importance have demanded the attention of *connoisseurs*. The pianists have been M. de Pachmann, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Miss Agnes

Zimmermann; and on two occasions Miss Fanny Davies has appeared before Saturday audiences, there abundantly confirming the successes already recorded. Her share in the Schumann pianoforte quintet on the 12th ult., was executed in a manner that won for the young artist an unqualified triumph.

* * *

THE following characteristic anecdote of Canon Liszt, which we do not remember to have met with in any of the numerous word-sketches of that inimitable pianist hitherto published, reaches us from Weimar. During his second visit to St. Petersburg, the Czar Nicholas invited him to a *soirée* at the Winter Palace, and in the course of the evening personally asked him to play. An Imperial request being equivalent to a command, Liszt sat down to the piano and commenced one of his brilliant Hungarian Rhapsodies. The Czar, instead of bestowing that exclusive attention upon the performance to which Liszt was accustomed, and which, in fact, he exacted from his audiences in private as well as in public—no matter of what exalted elements they might happen to be composed—entered into an animated conversation with one of his generals, talking in his usual and by no means subdued tone of voice.

* * *

LISZT went on playing for a minute or so, at the expiration of which time, seeing that the Emperor was not listening to him, he suddenly came to a full stop, and rose from his seat at the instrument. Tableau! Although he had paid no heed to Liszt's performance, Nicholas Alexandrovich missed the sound of the piano, and sent one of his chamberlains to ask the artist why he had ceased playing—whether he was indisposed or the piano had not been properly tuned. Liszt's steely grey eyes flashed with righteous indignation as he replied: "The Czar well knows that whilst he is speaking every other voice—even that of music—is bound to be mute!" So saying, he turned his back on the astounded official, and abruptly left the room.

* * *

EVERYBODY present expected that the *maestro* would receive his passport the first thing on the following morning, with the peremptory order on the part of the Minister of Police to quit Russian territory within four-and-twenty hours. To the surprise of the Court, however, Czar Nicholas took in good part the severe reproof administered to him by the fearless pianist, to whom he sent a costly gift the next day; and ever after, when Liszt's name was mentioned in his presence, spoke of him with cordial admiration as a musician who not only respected himself but had the courage to insist upon respect being paid to his art, "even" (as the Czar was wont to observe) "by ignorant persons like myself, who know so little about music that they do not deserve that great artists should waste their time and talents in trying to amuse them."

